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PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

March 25. 1674.

The CONTENTS.

The Preface to the Tenth Year of these Tracts. Notice of a New Discovery concerning Nova Zembla. An Account of a Way of Extracting a Volatil Salt and Spirit out of Vegetables, by Dr. Daniel Cox. An Observation of Dr. Johnstons of Pomphret concerning some Stones of a perfect Gold-colour, found in Animals. Extracts of two Letters, written by Mr. Sandius touching the Origin of Pearls. An Account of some Books: I. An Attempt to prove the MOTION of the Earth from Observations, made by Robert Hook, Fellow of the R. Society. II. A Body of MILITARY MEDICINES experimented, by Raymundus Mindererus, &c. III. EPHEMERIDUM MEDICO-PHYSICARUM Germaniæ ANNUS TERTIUS. IV. Englands INTEREST and IMPROVEMENT, &c. by Samuel Fortrey Esquire. V. A Discourse of the FISHERY, &c. by Roger L'Estrange Esquire.

The Preface to the Tenth Year of these Tracts.

Under the favourable Countenance of those *Worthies* who are addicted to the *Advancement of Arts and Sciences*, I hold on my resolutions by Gods assistance, To endeavour the publishing a *Ninth Volume of Philosophical Communications*, in this *Tenth* year of my undertakings of this kind, beginning an

A

other

other *Century* in this present *March*: My *first* Volume containing the *two first* years, as partly interrupted by our *public* Calamities, and part of the time laid out for *Instructions* and *Exemplars* to prepare and incline our generous Correspondents, to adhere closely to the Truth of Nature by faithful Experiments, and to evidence of matter of fact in their Historical Narrations.

And I shall not here take much notice of the Obstructions and Discouragements, that *have been* and *are* cast in our way by the Malevolent, they being sufficiently punish't by this, that they exclude themselves from the knowledge of *Gods* admirable Works and of ingenious Inventions.

Mean while, the *Virtuosi* may encourage themselves and receive satisfaction from that noble *Elogy*, which was long ago provided for them by the elegant Poet *Claudian*;

*Ipsa quidem VIRTUS precium sibi, Solàq; latè
Fortunæ secura nitet, nec fascibus ullis
Erigitur, plausûve petit clarescere vulgi;
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis,
Divitiis animosa suis, immotâque cunctis
Casibus, ex alta mortalia despicit arce:
Attamen invitam blandè vestigat, & ultrò
Ambit honor——*

De Confu-
latu Mallii
Theodori
Panegyris.

The very same, in effect, with a more antient and a more genial Poet, (*Horace*,) tuned to his Lyre, in the age, and in the ear, and with the high applause of great *Augustus Cæsar*;

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ,
Cætûsque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.*

Carm. 1. 3.
Ode 2.

And an other, (*Ovid*) in few words, lays down the grounds and withall the final unsuccessfulness, of all our adversaries calumnies and rallies;

*Pascitur in vivis Livor, post fata quiescit;
Tunc suus ex merito quemque tuetur Honos.*

L. 1. Amor.

And

And the Prince of Latin Poets, *Virgil*, saw amongst his *Heroes* in his flowry *Elysum*, the Valiant for their Countrey, the Eloquent, and the Inventors of Arts for humane Accomodations, and those who purchas'd lasting Honor by real merit : These, he saw there crown'd with Garlands as white as snow :

<p><i>Heic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi;</i> <i>Quique pii Vates, & Phæbo digna locuti;</i> <i>Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per Artes,</i> <i>Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo:</i> <i>Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ.</i></p>	}	<p><i>Æneid. 6. v.</i> <i>660.</i></p>
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These old Eloges do justly belong to our Noble Friends and worthy Correspondents, who do spend so much of their Lives, and Labors, (and some their Treasures also,) to oblige even the ungrateful, and their yet unborn Posterity.

Now I go on chearfully and with a resolv'd mind, beginning with

A Letter, not long since written to the Publisher by an Experienced person residing at Amsterdam, containing a true Description of Nova Zembla, together with an intimation of the advantage of its shape and position.

S I R,

I Herewith send you what I have received out of *Muscovy*, which is a New Mapp of *Nova Zembla* and *Weigats*, as it hath been discover'd by the express order of the *Czar*; and drawn by a Painter, called *Panelapoetski*, who sent it me from *Mosco* for a present : By which it appears, That *Nova Zembla* is not an Island, as hitherto it hath been believed to be; and that the *Mare glaciale* is not a Sea, but a *Sinus* or Bay, the waters whereof are sweet. Which is the same with what the *Tartars* do also assure us, who have tasted those waters in the very midst of the *Sinus*. The *Samojeds* as well as the *Tartars* do unanimously affirm, that passing on the back of *Nova Zembla*, at a considerable distance from the shore, Navigators may well pass as far as *Japan*. And 'tis a great fault in the *English* and *Dutch*, that seeking to get to *Japan* on the South-side of *Nova Zembla*, they have almost always passed the *Weigats*. The letter O in the great